

HOT DOG

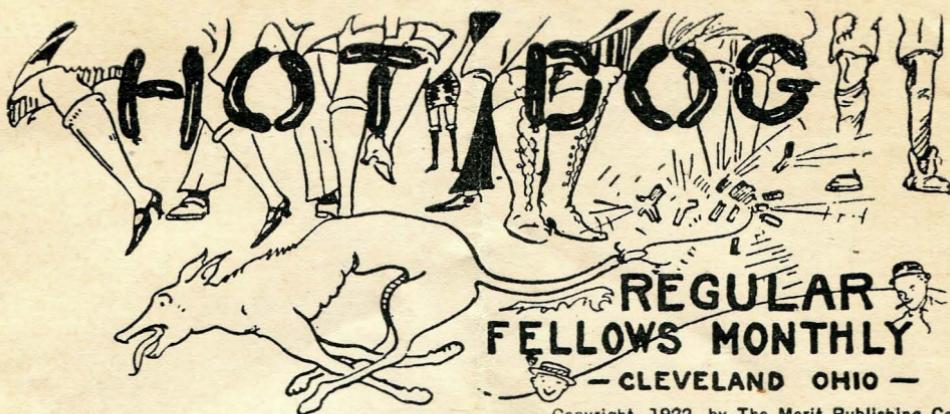
THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY
NOVEMBER 1922

PRICE

TWO BITS



The only thing some married men love is to be left alone.



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JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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VOL. 2

NOVEMBER, 1922

NO. 2



Political Advertisement



PHYSIC DUMBBELL FOR PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. Callimachus Balzoff Has an Opponent in His Candidacy

The well known Physic Dumbbell gave out a statement to HOT DOG today that he would oppose Mr. Balzoff in the coming presidential campaign.

Physic is a scion of the Dumbbell Family and it is admitted among Physic's wide circle of friends that he is the Prize Dumbbell of all.

When a flapper don't seem to know what she wants, use your own judgment!

Physic has long been associated with the Public Works and is at present employed with a large Institution making very small stones from very large rocks. These small stones are then placed on the public highways and you and I are the gainers from this Great Man's work.

Physic comes from a family noted for public service. His father, Litewate Dumbbell, spent twenty years in the same institution where Physic is now giving his services. This position was granted to Dumbbell Senior by the State when, in a fit of weakness, he stole a piano.

Physic himself is well known to the Department of Justice of a great western state. While in the West, he was prominently connected in a deal that included horses, telegraph poles—and we believe a rope was mentioned.

Physic's campaign is being managed by his cousin, Mr. Hopeless Dumbbell, and will be until Physic's present contract with the State expires some time next January.

Physic says he is not proud like Mr. Balzoff and will accept campaign contributions less than a dime. But he will not accept postage stamps as he is unable to write from where he is now.

THAT'S HER

**An ounce of powder,
An ounce of paint,
Bobbed hair and ear-rings,
A figure that ain't;
Stencilled eyebrows,
A tip-tilted nose,
She travels with highbrows
Who buy her clothes.**

A SAD THOUGHT

**The nickel now in your pocket may once have gone over
the bar.**

The Gideon Bible Society

A Confraternity of Brotherliness

By Jack Dinsmore

Of all the religious bodies operating in the United States, surely the Gideons are the sweetest and the most beneficent.

In every room of every hotel in America is to be found a copy of the Golden Book, placed there for the solace of the traveling man by this truly Christian organization.



When I rant in the columns of this publication against the Protestant clergymen who stop Sunday movies, thousands misunderstand me. They say I am an antagonist of Christianity.

But I am not.

I am a reader and a writer of books. I have dug deep into the recorded lore of humanity from the stately Latin

Tony Zebatski, the Hot Dog artist, wears canvas gloves to dinner so he won't soil the table cloth with his hands.

hexameters of Lucretius to the strident hilarities of George Ade.

But the book that I love most and that has influenced me most, both as a man and a writer, is the volume known as The King James Version of the Holy Bible.

Mr. Traveling Man, do you ever open the Bible in your hotel room?

Do you realize that the Bible is not a highbrow book? It is light reading and it is beautiful reading. It has more of a thrill in it than the finest detective story; it has more beauty in it than all the poems of the world put together; it has more tenderness than the voice of your mother. Read it tonight.

I am writing this article in my room at the Hotel Astor, New York City, where I have spent the last month getting together my new magazine, SECRETS.

I have friends here, editors and authors and actors. These friends have been "taking me out nights."

But after a night of hilarity, I cannot go to sleep until I have picked up my Gideon Bible and read a few passages of The Word.

Does not the Psalmist say:

"I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of His holy hill. Selah."

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

**Bartholomew W. Guzzle
Was possessed of a terrible muzzle,
He glared at his picture,
And growled "What a mixture!
Why that's not a face; that's a puzzle!"**

Balzoff Listens in at the Ladies' Dressing Room

GLEANING NO. IV



"You've got to wear armor to go in a taxi with him."

"I may have rotten morals, but I can write a good check."

"Oh, May, you've spilled it all over your clothes."

"I could be happy in jail, kid, if the keeper were young and ambitious."

"Let's be respectable tonight, for a change."

"Get outa here, you!!!!"



(International Photo)

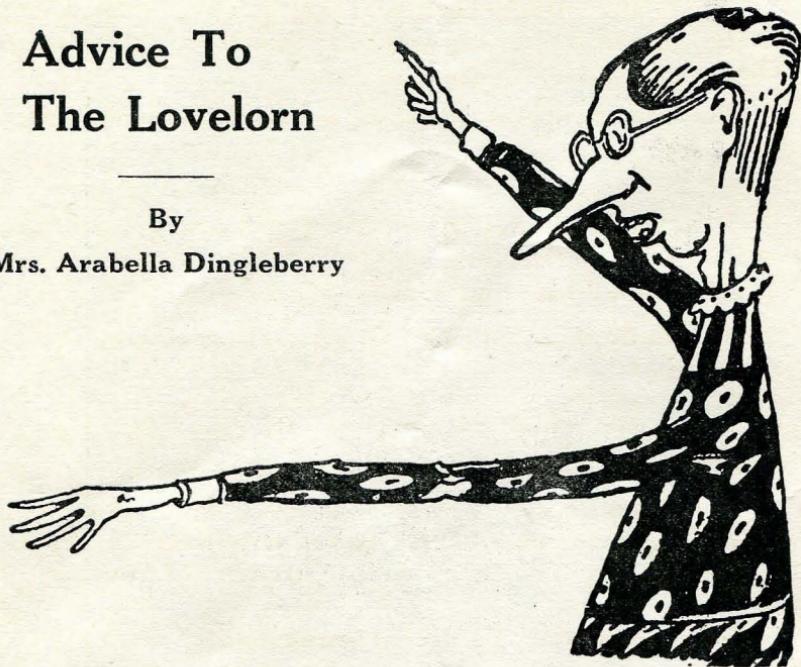
WORDS AND MUSIC

Supply your own words. The picture
comes from England.

Advice To The Lovelorn

By

Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My wife eats crackers in bed. What shall I do?—Sleepy Jim.

Do nothing and thank the Lord. Mr. Dingleberry used to eat herring.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I stay out late nights and suffer with headaches. What can I do to stop the headaches?—Chorine Chloe.

Change to another drug store.

Jack Frost: Have a little patience with her.

CAN YOU HELP THIS READER OUT?

Dear Editor Jack: Where can I get the poem, the first line of which runs:

“Some come here to sit and think—”

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am in love with a hefty blonde. She sits on my lap and I can't keep my pants pressed. What is your advice?—Snappy Sam.

Put your pants on sideways, my boy, and let her sit.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My Sweetie writes me in his last love-letter: "Darling, I could lie in your arms and dream forever." Shall I let him do it?—Alley Sally.

Yes, Sally, but don't let him go to sleep on you.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My girl says she'd rather dance than eat: Shall I believe her?—Gordon Ginn.

Don't you do it. They only dance to work up an appetite for the dinner they expect you to buy them.

Greasy Gracie: Be decent to the man!

Oh for the good old days,
When I sported a red, red nose,
When coppers still wore helmets,
And women still wore clothes.

COPIED FROM AN OLD TOMBSTONE

Here lie the remains of my wife,
And here will always lie;
I swear I'll never have another
I thought this one would never die.

AN APHORISM FOR REFORMERS

"The kind of people I hate worst are those who spend their lives making others good and themselves happy."—Lady Bonham-Carter.

Stella, The Staller

A Tearful Tale

By Stephen G. Clow



Stephen G. Clow

He grabbed her in front of a Nut Sundae at Liggett's Drug Store.

By getting a Pineapple Frappe, and then asking her if she'd care to have his spoon he smiled himself in. This "opener" had whiskers on it—but you know, boys!

After he planted her in a midnight hoofing foundry he discovered with great pleasure, that she'd break her promise to her mamma and have "just one little drink."

By four a. m. her promise to her mother had been kicked in the pants over fifteen times.

He was a patient worker—the kind that never rushes



little birdie, but just oozes along on the high and lofty for an awful final wallop.

Funny, she didn't show a single laceration from the savage old liquor he was dishing.

He eased her home on a rattler that tipped the clock at eleven bucks when she disembarked.

When he asked for a li'l good-night kiss, she said: "Naughty boy—you must wait till we know each other better."

After that any gink that was hep would have crossed himself three times and asked God to forgive him. But this Kiddo was old and dumb.

Next evening he bought her a twenty dollar show, half a cow and several gallons of "Grandad." The ginger ale alone came to twelve dollars.

He was now in the rear about one hundred emerald sailors, but going as strong as a chorus girl at Child's at dinner-time.

He found she was crazy to go on the stage. So he got her picture in nine or eleven of the weekly dramatic spasms where he knew the advertising carpenters.

You can now, dear readers, charge him with twenty evenings of jazz, 90 gallons of bichloride of alcohol, two dozen pairs of calve-protectors, five hats, an evening gown, a gold meshbag—and one afternoon they breezed in and priced a gasoline truck.

Up to now the sweet woman hadn't loosened a kiss, not to speak of the hugs and other interesting etceteras that make work for the private detective agencies.

Councilman August Kraut says the only real Old Taylor he has seen since Prohibition is the guy who presses his pants.

He told a couple of cafe managers: "Whenever little cutie comes in, give her what she wants—I'm good for it."

Hurrah! He gets a kiss on the cheek. That was the night she dashed in the near-marble entrance of her \$35 per apartment house, using the following amorous farewell: "Willy, you're just terrible, you are."

Total to date: \$1465.72.

Even the Prince of Goofs gets fussy after a while.

So, as even the original come-and-roll-me kid would have done, our hero at last insisted on a showdown.

"Twas in the same midnight foundry whence he'd whisked the dame from the Liggett nut sundae.

"Stella, dear," he cackled over the chicory, "you're no' going home tonight, are you, sweetings?"

"WHY, YOU LOW, INSULTIN' BRUTE," SHE REPLIED. "WHADDYE TAKE ME FER? AREYA KIDDIN'? DEYYA THINK YOUR OLD HATS AND DINNERS CAN BUY ME WHEN I HAVE MY OWN JIMMY THAT LOVES ME? I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM FOR A HUNDRED OLD GINKS LIKE YOU. IF JIMMIE HEARD WHATYA SAID TO ME JUST NOW HE'D KNOCKYA DEAD."

DO YOU BLAME HIM?

A fellow who lived as a clammer
Once killed his young wife with a hammer,
And the wherefore and why
Was he didn't like her pie,
And therefore he croaked her, gol ding her.



MARION DAVIES

The Blonde Movie Queen. When Grandmother Jones was a girl she looked as innocently pretty as this.

These Are The Kind of Letters I Like to Get

September 25, 1922

Dear Editor:

This little poem is written from the bottom of my heart. I'm only eighteen and I've fooled more men than I can count on my fingers and toes.

I was sixteen when I started to flap. But my home town was too small for me, so I came to New York City. Everybody I met here seemed to think I was too young and innocent to remain. But most of us flappers are wise. We aren't silly like everybody thinks we are.

Yours for Hot Dog,

A FEMININE ADMIRER.

The Boston Flapper

Ha! ha! So you're from Boston!
That's a damn good place to die.
Where they pull in the sidewalks at 9 p. m.
And the weeping willows sigh.
Now I ain't a-kidding you, girlie.
But you've got to step pretty fast
To live on this here Broadway
If you expect to last.
Say, listen here, old timer,
New York is mighty big,
But you can't fool this young flapper,
For there's brains neathe my bobbed wig.

THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR

One morning he threw his wife out and kissed the garbage goodbye.

Who Said All the Irish Are in Heaven?

Pat had died of a violent malady while enroute back to his native land and it was necessary to bury him at sea. No other weights being accessible, the remains were weighted with several large pieces of coal. After the burial services the dead man's brother walked up to the chaplain and whispered, very feelingly, "Faith, an' fwat do ye think the civil will say when he sees Pat bringing his own fuel?"

SAVE THIS TILL NEXT FEBRUARY

Dearest, lovliest one divine,
Won't you be my valentine?
And if this don't sound good to you,
I guess that someone else will do.

WHAT IS SO DUMB AS A DAY WITH AUGUST?

Mrs. Kraut sent the Councilman to a department store to buy her a teddy bear and he went to the toy department!

HEALTH HINT

If the boarding-house cat dies, don't touch the hash.

Jack Dinsmore in New York



I hit the sidewalks of New York on the morning of Labor Day.

Presumably, gents, the purpose of my trip was to get together my new magazine, "SECRETS," which I hope will be ready for your enjoyment a couple of weeks after you read this.

But, winking the other eye, I can tell you that, child of the Devil that I am, I was also propelled to Gotham by the desire for such unbusinesslike doo-dads as three-mile-limit liquor, blond chorines, and the bright lights of Broadway.

Alas, children, the flesh is weak

When the solons of the theatrical world got hep to the fact that the editor of "HOT DOG" was in town they left passes to all their shows in my mail box at the Hotel Astor.

I saw a good many of the entertainments that make the tired business man tired.

Now, all family stuff aside, the snappiest show in New York is "Sue Dear," the author of which is none other but our friend, Carleton S. Montanye, who has been regaling you every month in "HOT DOG"

Little Ignatz, Hot Dog shipping clerk, is so dumb he thinks Helena Montana is a sister of Bull.

with his stories in the American Language, and whose masterpiece entitled "How Did He Know That" you will find in the current issue.

Monty is both a good scout and a good writer and the lines he wrote for Bobby O'Neill in "Sue Dear" are, as you might expect, the real knock-out drops.

Of course, I took in all the Orthodox cabarets. But alack, my hearties, a black shadow sits upon every hoofing-joint on Broadway. There was a shooting match at the La Vie not long ago and since then a copper has been stationed in every cabaret. And how can a fellow pour anything into his ginger-ale with the Eye of the Law upon him?

Duty compels me to warn you against the Intellectual Drama, much of which is now on exhibition along Times Square. Avoid it as

you would potato liquor. The worst specimen of this Intellectual Drama now on the boards is a weepy stew entitled, "Rose Berndt," by a German genius called Gerhardt Hauptmann, starring Ethel Barrymore.

In the first act Madame Barrymore is caught with child; in the second, she attempts suicide; in the third, she hangs her father with his own suspenders. So you can see that "Rose Berndt" is a very entertaining little thing.

But if you want to take my advice, don't lay out three smackers apiece for the Broadway musical-comedies and dramas. Go to the Columbia Burlesque House at Seventh Avenue and Forty-sixth Street or to the Park Burlesque on Columbus Circle and for a cold dollar you will get better entertainment than in any of the Grand and Glorious show houses.

Oh we loved our mother's biscuits,
Used to eat them by the peck,
Till one fell from off the pantry,
And it broke the Old Gent's neck.

WHICH REMINDS ME:

That when I hired Balzoff, I asked him whether he was married and he replied, "Just a little bit."

Sport Review

By Jazbo DeVinney



So this is November!

Yea, bo, this is the raw month, as they call it.

Yessir, it is the raw month of November, but not half as raw as some of the junk that is handed from the gridirons of the rah rah boys who chase the pigskin.

If a guy was to get his neck broken in a rush for a free drink of liquor nobody would feel sorry for him. But these Smart Alecks will take a chance on getting a broken neck in a flying tackle and they are heroes.

MONTHLY HEALTH HINT

Don't make a date with another man's wife—at his home.

The hand that rocks the cradle yields the rolling pin.

Back home the old man throws an extra mortgage on the farm to pay the bills for the punk he has in school. And this tomato-can, instead of grabbing off all the knowledge there is loose in the particular college town to which he is sent, climbs into a moth-eaten leather suit, is grabbed by an opponent and flopped into the dirt for a loss of fifteen yards and his right ear.

He cracks his skull and the betting bums on the side lines send up a long tiger. They drag him off like a can of garbage and the battle goes on. The old man's son is forgotten.

He is dragged over to a hospital for the once over and perhaps the sawbones finds a fractured skull, surely not concussion of the brain for there is none there to concuss. And all the old man gets out of it is a chance to slap another mortgage on the farm to foot the hospital bills.

And then comes Thanksgiving Day. Yes, thankful for what? Well, the old boy can be thankful that the dumbbell he sent to college wasn't twins.

Big dough is sunk every November to see the rah rah outfits manhandle each other. They call that the Higher Education.

But they'll take a first-class bootlegger and throw him in jail.

Waiter, give us another, and not so much ginger ale.

Zebatski: Say, Ig, do you know Mary's back?

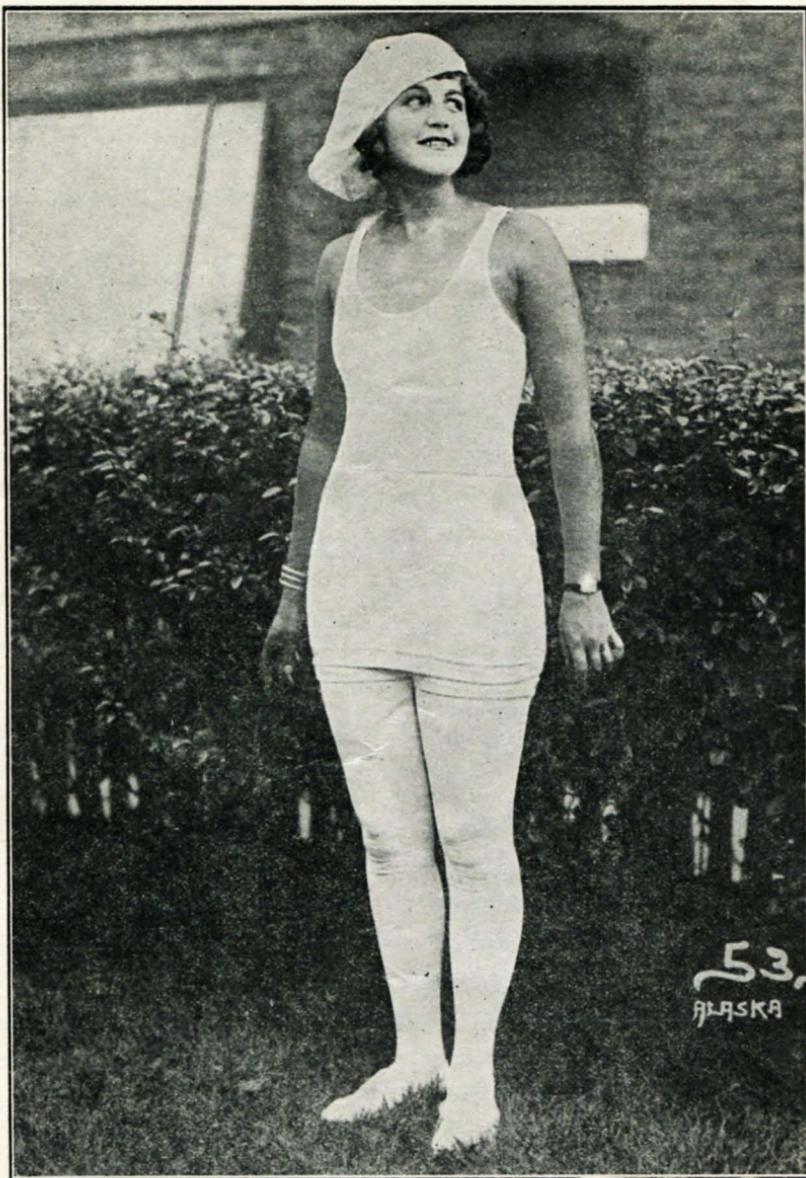
Ignatz: I ought to; I've been taking her out for a year.

OVERHEARD IN A WALLPAPER STORE

Lady: I wanna strip.

Clerk: Pretty cold out, isn't it?

Attaboy writes me from California that he stumbled into a ladies' Turkish bath by mistake and thought it was a Mack Sennet bathing girl rehearsal.



(International Photo)

MISS ALASKA

Miss Helmar Liederman is a hot baby who came from the frozen north to Atlantic City for a beauty contest.

A Verse For Love in Absence

*I am tired tonight and I miss you,
And long for you, Love, through tears;
And it seems but today that I saw you go—
You who are gone for years.
And I seem to be newly lonely—
I, who am so much alone;
And the strings of my heart are well in tune,
But they have not the same old tone.*

*I am tired, and an old, old sorrow
Sweeps down the bed of my soul,
As a turbulent river might suddenly break
Away from a dam's control.
It beareth a wreck on its bosom,
A wreck with a snow-white sail,
And the hand on my heart strings thrums away,
But they only respond with a wail.*

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How Did He Know That?

By C. S. Montayne

Everybody who dragged the dogs along Broadway knew that Tony Spagni was a hound with the scissors and a shark at the blade.

The crowd that patronized the Longacre Tonsorial Parlors always made a play for Tony's chair. He could do more with a comb and a pair of clippers than a chorus doll could with a dollar's worth of rouge.



Tony was a Beast when it came to shaving a neck and trimming around the ears.

For a son of sunny It, he was pretty well Gothamized. He could dish all the latest Alley dirt, knew what kind of garters the girls up on the Roof wore, and was a pig for the chicken stuff. The bunch had Tony tabbed for a pretty wise

**She was a simple country girl,
Her beauty made me glad,
But the booze she drank at my expense
Took every cent I had.**

wop. The light of Sicilian skies was in his glance, he featured a fur-bearing upper lip and disposed of more salve than a drug store.

Tony's peace of mind was rudely shattered one April morning. When the barber shop opened, he blew in and found a new frail at the first manicure table near the door. This was an eye-arresting skirt. She had looks enough for a dozen and a shape that would have made the King of Siam break his crown in half.

"Keep off the grass," the barber at the next chair warned. "This wren is a particular friend of the boss. Get me? He brought her here and he's going to keep her here!"

The boss, Mike O'Shea, was a red-headed mick and a hard egg. He was as tight as a union suit in August and had been in jail twice for beating up innocent citizens.

Tony learned the vision's name was Flo Lewis and thereafter sighed every other minute.

For the next week he contented himself with longing looks. There was no doubt that Flo had all the other blondes nailed to the deck. There was music in her walk, poetry in her glance, romance in the way she shook an orange-stick and Paradise on her red, red lips.

Every time Tony looked at her, he shivered. Every time he looked at O'Shea, he shook.

"Dis make-a me go craz' insane!" he moaned.

When the barber shop closed O'Shea walked Flo out on his arm. Tony had a habit of going home and sharpening a couple of stilettos. After he tested them he threw them aside.

VIRTUE SHOULD BE EVOKED NOT BY POLICE POWER, BUT BY A PROMPTING OF THE CONSCIENCE.

—Rev. J. Dinsmore.

He could give O'Shea a ride in a glass carriage but that wouldn't win him Flo Lewis. For all the notice she took of him he might have been a leopard alive with eczema.

One month later O'Shea announced his engagement to Flo. The girl wore a four carat hock-rock and was as pleased as a baby with a box of matches. Meanwhile, Tony heard that before she became interested in cuticle she had been an artist's model. He also heard O'Shea was spending good jack buying up all the paintings he could get of her.

One evening, two weeks before the wedding day, Tony was limping down Sixth Avenue when he saw a familiar figure wandering south. There was only one shape like that in all the world and no sign of the boss around. He stopped, looked, grabbed another eyeful, licked his lips like a hungry wolf and threw his brogans into high.

"Why, hello, Wop," Flo Lewis cried pleasantly when he touched her arm. "What are you doing way over here by yourself?"

"I take-a da walk," Tony mumbled.

"That's nice," the girl cooed. "Suppose we take-a da walk together?"

The day before Mike O'Shea got married he drew Tony aside during the noon hour.

"I hear you're a wiz on Art," O'Shea said.

"Sure," Tony replied modestly.

The owner of the barber shop conducted him to a back room and indicated a tall paper package with a gesture.

"Listen," he explained. "I've been buying up Miss Lewis' pictures and sticking them in the stove. This here one I picked up this morning. It looks pretty good to me.

Councilman August Kraut is so dumb he thinks they keep cattle in a stock exchange.

But I don't know whether it's Art or not. I can't ask everybody's opinion. I'm asking you because you're only a dumb Greek. I want you to tell me if the picture is good enough to keep. Don't be afraid to tell me if it's Art or if it ain't."

"I tell-a da truth," Tony replied. "Art she's like-a sis' to me. I love her—um, um!"

O'Shea tore the brown paper from the canvas. Revealed was Flo Lewis, clad in a smile, pivoted on one foot with hands outstretched to catch a butterfly.

O'Shea looked at Tony.

"Well, what about it, Nuisance? Is it Art?"

Tony appeared to become violently excited.

"Moderato andantino!" he screamed. "Dis pitch' he's-a damn fake! He's-a lie! Molto animato! Dis is what-a you call-a da humbugs!"

"Wait a minute!" O'Shea ordered. "What do you mean?"

The barber filled his lungs with air.

"I mean it's-a da lie—a fake! Da gooda artist he paint true to da life! Dis wan he's-a da loafer. It's no-a da true to da life!"

"Why ain't it true to life?" O'Shea bellowed.

Running his hands through his hair, Tony walked over to the picture and laid a finger on the pink hip of the painted Miss Lewis.

"Where's da mole dat's here?" he shrieked.

There was quite a crowd around the Longacre Tonsorial Parlors when the ambulance arrived.

He: Do you care if I smoke?

She: I don't care if you burn.

This Man Went Cockeyed to Hell

My spies have just communicated to me another one on our Blue-law friend, the Rev. William Bulger, of Wyandotte, Ohio.

The rev. gent. is now running a series of revivals in the southern part of the state.



He is packing all the town halls with hayseeds, who come to hear him wolf, because there is no burlesque show in town.

Only a week ago, the holy man had a sad accident.

While he was in the midst of his harangue, a cornfed Lizzie sitting in the balcony leaned too far out and was just

There was a girl who wrote poetry
Instead of writing prose;
She wore her dresses to her knees,
So the boys could see her hose.

about to fall into the auditorium, when she was miraculously saved by twining her leg around the balcony railing.

All eyes immediately turned from the reverend to the leg-show.

Bulger hollered out: "Turn your eyes away immediately, ye men of sin. Whoever dares to gaze up at that balcony will be immediately struck blind by an Angel of the Lord!"

Jim Wiggs, constable of the town, put a hand over one of his optics, took a good look with the other, and shouted out to Bulger:

"Guess I'll risk one eye, Doctor!"

Lizzie McCarthy, our skinny stenographer, tells me she gave away five thousand dollars worth of kisses before she found out she could get anything for them.

The reason Councilman August Kraut is so well preserved is that he gets pickled every day.

The best way to learn about women is to start from the ground up.

IF MILK WERE INTOXICATING, WHAT A LOT OF FRIENDS THE COWS WOULD HAVE.

Attaboy's Bully Breezes From Hollywood

By "Duke" Atteberry

Dear Gang:

While I am waiting for Lila Lee to run down and pay her phone bill so as I can give her another kind

"Duke's Mixture," picked up in the gutters of Hollywood.

Lila's phone has been disconnected on account of her buying



of ring besides the ones she has under her eyes, which she hides from you boys with grease paint, I will dish you out a nasty mess of

me twenty-seven pairs of hand chiseled Shiek's retreaded B. V. Ds. And after she got through paying for them she had only enough jack left

The Hot Dog Male Choir will now sing that lovely ca-denza entitled, "I shall soon go back to my old home town—now that I am blind."

to buy me a safety razor so as I can shave under my arms, in order that I may not be mistaken for Lew Cody. The movie crowd says I look just like Lew under the arms.

You wise-crackers will probably say, why do I sit around idle. Why don't I give Lila a big treat by taking her out to some cheap nickel movie?

Well, gang, you will probably be surprised to hear that me and the bilious broad mentioned above have had a nasty lover's quarrel. I staged a wicked slugging match with Lila on account of this Dumb-Dora always stuffing Non Skid in the key hole of her bathroom door every time she puts on her De Mille Bath Tub riot.

Well, boys, I ain't losing no sleep over having broken Lila's heart, on account of she ain't so good anyway but just a lot of trouble.

The other night when I had her down to a public dance hall, the manager, Bull Montana, almost threw us both out on our ankle because Lila spent the whole evening spitting Tobacco Juice in Mae Murray's bobbed hair, just on account

of Mae and me swapping chewing gum once in a while.

And, oh boy! Is Lila dumb!

Listen, gang, Lila is so dumb that she thinks French Kisses are imported. Just because they come from abroad.

And is she jealous? I'll say she is.

The other day she comes up to my apartment when I was out and takes a pair of scissors and makes spats out of all my clean socks. Just because of my kissing Bebe Daniels on her fire escape.

Well, gang, here comes Phyllis Haver across the lot and she has a large bundle under her arm. It is either a sample of her last batch of Moonslime or else she wants to use my washbowl to wash out her other suit of red flannel underwear, which she is going to show in her next thriller entitled, "Why Should I Give Up My Sole To A Heel Like You."

The reason she can't wear the ones she has on is on account of me making a mistake in the size when I bought them for her. The suit

EPITAPH

**Here lies the mother of six twins,
The Dad still lives, but he's weak on his pins.**

she has on now shows off her charming profile far too much, so that if she were to wear it in her picture some Bluenose would certainly do a nosedive off the nearest altar.

Phyllis is here right now and I was wrong a double-header. The

package is neither Moonslime or Red Flannels but is a new pair of silk tights that she wants me to help her into with the aid of my trusty shoe horn.

So I will close for this time and if Phyllis' visit does not prove fatal I will be with you in another Bully Breeze next month.

Thrift

Bending over his desk in the little shop, he beamed with delight as he scanned the statement before him. It informed him he had made enough in the last year to warrant his purchasing a motorcycle.

As he glanced out of the window a great high-powered limousine swept by. Its occupant was a beautifully gowned woman he had once known. Where? When?

Suddenly he remembered. It was his wife who had run away with the plumber.

He gazed long and earnestly into her eyes, as though to divine the mystic light that lay therein. Presently he spoke.

"By Gosh, Susie, I do believe you're cockeyed," he said.

**"I want half the pleasure and all the profit"
Was once the merry call,
But sad to say
The song today
Is "We are gold-diggers all."**



(Wide World Photo)

LONG OR SHORT SKIRTS

Vera Freeman, of the London Revue, "Phi Phi," here sports a costume that might be either.

From the "Society" page of the Cleveland Sunday Star

Miss Jeanne Pumpernickel was quietly married Thursday morning to Reginald Fishglue McNutt. Only three shots were fired at the groom by jilted females and only one brick was hurled at the bride. Guests and spectators declared it to be a very tame affair.

POLITICAL RHYME

**Laws may come and laws may go,
But bootlegging goes on forever.**

The Kraut family will now sing that lovely domestic ballad entitled "Pull out your shirttail; I want to blow my nose."

Speaking of heavy dough—Did you ever eat at Child's?

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